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# Locked up alone



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## Chapter 1 by The W

Testing Testing Testing... Is there anybody out there?

## Chapter 2 by Jen Eric



As I wait quietly for a response only to hear the eerie sound of static on my walkie talkie. I begin to feel hesitant as a voice in my head echoes in a whisper "come on somebody answer".

## Chapter 3 by Luke Meyers



I check my watch. Three more minutes of battery budgeted for tonight. The sun has gone down, and I can already feel the night's chill setting in. Please, let there be an answer.

My legs feel sore from squatting, so I plop down cross-legged with my back to the wall beneath the window.

I depress the transmit button again, smirking grimly at the cheap, garish plastic of my lifeline, this child's toy.

## Chapter 4 by intellikat



Suddenly, the walkity-talkity crackles to life. The voice is indistinct, but I can make out a few words here and there.

"... by the lake ... no one ... where ... now?"

I punch the button fiercely and pr  
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phone. I speak slowly and  
clearly once the other side

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"My name is Jonas Graves. I am locked up alone in the attic of an empty house north of the lake. Please help!"

The line goes dead for a moment, and then the voice on the other side. It was more frantic now.

"... Jonas? ..... pastor .... had something ..... lake ..... just wait!"

Suddenly, I heard a creak from somewhere below and I froze. My fingers slowly turned the volume of the toy handset down and I lifted myself to a crouched position.

## Chapter 5 by intellikat



The door opened.

Oh, it was just a rapist.

## Chapter 6 by intellikat



"Hi," she said, in a dry and sultry voice. "My name is Scott. I'll be your rapist for the evening."

And with that, she revealed a plastic take-out bag from behind her back and lifted a bock of fried chicken from within.

"You must be hungry," Scott said.

I nodded in agreement. I was.

"You will need the minimal protein from this overcooked chicken to survive the night."

I nodded again and gulped.

"Why would you rape me?" I asked in a croakity voice. "That's gross."

"Oh!" suddenly Scott's voice changed. "Did I say rane? I meant RAP. I'll be your RAPPIST for the

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Scott motioned to the small device in my hand. She/he must have thought I was organising the event.

"No, Scott, no," I said. "My name is Jonas."

The song by Weezer played through my head.

"Jonas Graves. I'm a senior at Wabash College. I'm assisting the youth pastor of my church in a youth group even down by the lake, but we got separated at some point today and I've been hiding up in this attic because I honestly thought THE RAPTURE had happened, and Jesus had taken away all the faithful."

Scott squinched. "Why would you be left behind?"

I dropped my head in shame. "Brenda McGoogle gave me a handjob last summer. I know it's a sin. Sex is one of the worst. Especially if you enjoy it. Even through the soft hands of my own girlfriend. At least she WAS my girlfriend. But she moved to Hoboken."

"Too much exposition, Jonas."

"Anyway, I thought this was the big one. I'm a pre-tibulational (dispensational) Pre-millennialist, so it all fits into my worldview."

"Well, that's all well and good, Jonas. But can you drain a keg?"

## Chapter 7 by intellikat



About an hour later, I was down by the lake stripping down to my pale WASP minimum (including pink nipples and tufts of armpit hair).

When Scott dropped the beat I was about three beers in, and feeling loose.

"Jonas?"

I turned.

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"Brenda?"

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There she was, in a bikini the color of blackest Satanism, with lipstick red like Samhain's overheated pitchfork.

"Are you going for a swim?"

"In the lake?"

"Well... yeah," she laughed.

"What about the story about the guy who drowned in the lake and lives at the bottom?"

"The one with the tire chains? Who wraps them around the ankles of his victims and drags them down?"

"Yeah, that guy."

"I believe that tale to be utterly false. I checked it out on Snopes last summer."

I stared at Brenda's beautiful hands, that were placed on her hips.

"Okay, I'll go for a dip," I said.

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